I LOVE
I LOVE U BUT CAN U SHUT UP
can you say my name again by nadia nova
I LOVE YOU!!
LAINA IS MY LOVE
IM LOVING LAINA

can you say my name again, Nadia Nova © 2018

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CAN YOU SAY MY NAME AGAIN

Nadia Nova

From Pisti to Laina...

<23:13:43> hey
<23:13:59> are you there
<23:14:45> are you ?
<23:15:13> aaa gfsgs :(:(
<23:17:01> :(please respond im panicking i dont know where to go
<23:17:58> you said i can come over few weeks back can i still come >_< i never came th en

hey, sorry i was busy. what is it? <23:20:01>

<23:20:09> ok so uhh h can i come over please please ^_^

yeah, if you want to, what is going on? <23:21:51>

<23:22:20> uh my phone is running out of charge,, so uh can you give me your address again im already in the area

**tree street 15 aparment A6, what is this all about?
are you okay? <23:23:07>**

<23:23:47> dont send me messages after this one ok i need to preserve my battery for google maps so i can get there dont say anything

uh ok sorry <23:23:59>

<23:25:14> DONT SEND ME, ok maps estimates 6 minutes walk there..... can you pls come out soi can see you then message dont say anything im literally at 2% charge please please

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I wonder what that was all about. I don't have any issues with Pisti coming over? I mean, I totally invited her to come visit a few weeks back. I don't know why she didn't really come; Pisti has always been shit at explaining anything whenever we chat online. So, in a way, it's nice that she's finally coming over.

I hope she hasn't done anything stupid. Like the bad kind of stupid. She's always up to something, going somewhere, doing stuff. Meanwhile, I just sit at home all day. It's not like I want to go anywhere. I've had my fair share of trying to go out like that. It got boring real fast. It's way more fun just not going anywhere. Never ever.

What if... What if Pisti is a dangerous criminal? Like those Internet axe murderers people always warned us about when we were little kids. Wait, weren't the axe murderers those guys who kill drivers who accept hitchhikers? I don't even have a car in the first place, but I could never do that. Scary. Picking up strangers, I mean. Not the axe murdering part. Well, I couldn't do that either. Strangers freak me out.

Pisti isn't a stranger. I've talked to her online for months. Uh. I don't know, Pisti seemed kind of small from the pictures she sent me. I could probably take her out. Beat her up good. What if she's been busy sending me fake pictures? Catfishing? Maybe she's a big scary dude. Probably not.

I'm sure Pisti is just a kind girl who just really wants to come over at midnight for no specific reason. Sorry for misgendering you, Pisti. I didn't mean it in a bad way. I just worry a lot. How long is it until she arrives? She should be here soon.

I wonder why axe murderers wouldn't just use something like a knife instead, since it'd be easier to carry around. How do you even

hide an axe? Or murder someone inside a car with an axe in the first place? Do you have enough space to swing it around? I don't really know how big axes even are.

I should probably go outside and wait. She should be here any minute. It feels like only seconds have passed since I received her last message, but I know I'm the worst at estimating time. It could have been hours, for all I know. Most likely just minutes. Pisti could be waiting somewhere out there on the street for me. Well, I'm sure she would have just rung the doorbell at this point. I hope. I better go outside.

I quickly put on a cardigan and grab my scarf. I don't know how cold it is outside— it should be warm enough to go without these, but I don't trust weather. And, more importantly, I don't want to come back in to grab some more clothes. As I leave the house, I make sure I have my keys and my phone with me. I don't think I've ever locked myself outside, but I still worry about it every single time I leave.

I step out and already feel uncomfortable. I hate being outside. There's so much space, and it's just not something I'm used to. I'm lucky I don't have to walk further than this. Just a few steps on the street, so I can see Pisti if she is walking around here somewhere. She should be out here waiting already; it's not like you can get lost with Google Maps in your hand. Well, she was saying her phone might run out of battery, so that could have happened. Let's hope she can remember the address and find her way.

Would I even recognize her? I've seen her pictures, but maybe she's wearing something weird and I won't be able to recognize her. I have no idea what kind of jacket she's wearing, or what kind of hat. Does she even wear hats? I know I don't.

"HEY!" I hear a distant yell from somewhere behind me. As I turn around to look, I hear another one."ARE YOU LAINA!" Yep,

that definitely is Pisti.

"Hey," I say as I wave back. I doubt she hears me, since I forgot to raised my voice, even though there's a good distance between us. Her steps pick up pace, and she runs over to me.

"Hey, Laina! My phone's battery died, and I didn't remember your address, but then I just started walking around, and, yeah, you're the only bunny outside right now, so I knew it was you when I saw you... I mean, it's not like anyone else is outside at this time."

"Glad you found me. Now I don't have to worry about axe murderers getting you."

"Are you an axe murderer?" she asks me jokingly. I hope.

"No, I'd rather use a knife."

"That does make more sense. Me too." She looks at me with a big smile, and I smile back at her. A sense of great relief washes over me knowing that she made her way here safely. It would have haunted me forever if I hadn't seen her all night.

We both stare at each other for a few good seconds not really knowing what to do now.

"So... we going in or what?" she asks.

"Ah, right, yeah, totally." I turn around and start picking up my keys from my pocket. I'm getting kind of nervous now. It's been a while since I talked to someone. Is it possible to forget how to communicate? Probably.

I probably should have cleaned a bit. Well. Actually, I'd rather not clean, it's so exhausting, and it's just gonna be a huge mess again in a week or two. I'm sure she doesn't even mind in the first place. I bet her room is a mess too.

We walk through the rooms to my bedroom. I take off my scarf, just drop it on the floor and start unbuttoning my cardigan.

"Can I sit here? Do people ask if they can sit somewhere? I usually just sit."

"Eh, I don't know. I guess it's polite to ask. You can sit anywhere you want. I don't mind."

"Neat", she says as she sits on my bed. I throw my cardigan near the scarf, sit on my computer chair and turn my computer off sleep mode.

"So, what were you up to before I messaged you?"

"Nothing really."

"I hope it's not a bother that I just came over like this. I tried asking my other friend, but she didn't answer, and I remembered you live close, and... Yeah."

"I wouldn't have told you it's okay to come over if I didn't want anyone visiting right now."

"Right." I hope I'm not being too direct. I hope she doesn't think I'm mean. I'm just like this.

"Either way, for the last few hours, I've been checking Tumblr and Twitter in turns to see no new posts come up, so, yes, I'm happy you messaged me. Everything has been so uneventful for the past few days."

"Why do you make it sound like you're not here for just a visit? Can you explain what caused you to come over so suddenly? Were you just panicking because you were about to run out of battery or...?"

"Uhh... I kinda ran away from home."

"... Really?" Oh no, that can't be good.

"Well, more specifically, I was kinda kicked out."

"What. What did you do?" Oh no, poor girl!

"Nothing. I accidentally told my dad I'm trans, and he just flipped out."

"Wow, that is a load of bullshit. I'm sorry, Pisti... Are you okay? Did you, like, have a big fight or something?" Oh god, I'm so sorry this happened.

"Eh. I don't know, he kinda just yelled at me, and I didn't listen. Then I kinda just left to my room, and he kept banging on my door and told me he doesn't want me here, so I slammed the door open, tried to push him away and then ran outside."

"I'm so sorry." Wait, does this mean she can't go back home?

"Can I stay here for a day or two?"

"Uh."

Now I don't really know what to think here. I feel like I just want to grab her and hug her and tell her everything is going to be okay and she can stay here for as long as she wants. But nothing can be that simple, right? What if we don't get on well together? What if her parents somehow find out she's here and come yell at me? I'd defend Pisti, but it'd be so stressful.

God, I wanna punch her dad. Like, just sock him right in his stupid face. No idea what he looks like. Probably stupid. What kind of dad kicks out his own daughter? What kind of dad isn't okay with his daughter being trans? Why is it even such a big deal? So? Your kid isn't a boy, oh no! So sad.

I want to punch him. He would probably beat me up for being a tranny too, but at least I'd feel better after I got to punch him. I wouldn't like the part where he hits me back, though.

Uh, okay, so Pisti is waiting for an answer. She asked me if she can stay over. She just got here, and we've just known each other from online for a few months of occasional talking. She's nice and all, but sometimes she sounds kind of bratty and annoying. What if she gets on my nerves? Could I manage? What is she, like 19, 20? That's kind of old to be living at home...

But what if it was me who was kicked out? What if it was me who was asking to stay over? I'd want me to say yes, stay over. Oh god. I have no idea how to react to this.

"Laina? Are you okay?"

Shit. I'm freaking out. I need to— "Uh. Wait, I'm, like. Panicking right now. This is so sudden." I need to sit down. I'm already sitting down. I. Uh. "Wait, I need to collect my thoughts."

"Sorry, it's okay, I can—"

"No, please stay, I just wasn't expecting this. I'm not too good with sudden stuff. I figured you were just bored and wanted to come say hi cause you're close." I really need to take my Benzos now.

"I promise I won't be a bother." I conveniently just have all my meds right on my table near my keyboard.

"What is that?" she asks as I take my pills.

"Uhh. Benzos, they calm me down."

"Ah. Okay. Sorry if I'm making you feel bad."

"It's just sudden, and I'm not too good with things like this. It's okay. I want to help you out, but I have bad anxiety, and I need these for everything."

"Do they, like, make you all happy and stuff?"

"No... Just less upset."

"Can I have one?"

"Uh. I don't think you really need these right now..."

"It's okay. It's cool. I was just curious. Sorry."

She looks around embarrassed and tries to look cute.

I put my fingers together, close my eyes for a few seconds, and take some deep breaths to try and calm down. I'm calm. I'm calm now. So she's staying over, and she doesn't even have a backpack or anything?

"Where's all your stuff?" I gave her permission to stay, right? I hope she understood that I'm fine with it. I don't want to be rude. I want to help her.

"I just ran away. I didn't have time to pick up anything. Just got the stuff in my pockets. Some Spironolactone, keys, cigarettes,

a lighter and my phone." That does sound like all the important stuff, though. Well, not the cigarettes. I hope she doesn't smoke often.

"Do you need to go back and get your stuff?"

"Probably at some point, but I don't really need anything right now."

She takes a quick look around my desk. "Hey, do you have a charger for my phone?"

"Let me see."

She hands me her phone, and I look around for what type of charger it needs. She has some cute stickers on her phone; I think I should add some stickers to my phone too. It looks like we have the same type of charger.

"Yeah, I have a charger for this, want me to charge it?"

"Yes, please."

"Do you think your dad will chill out at some point and let you back in?"

"I hope. I guess it all depends on how my mom reacts when he tells her. I still don't want to go back home. Fuck them."

I hope she isn't going to plan to stay here for too long. What do I do if I want her to leave and she still doesn't have a place? Maybe she has some other friends she can stay with.

"Can you, like, sneak in at some point and grab all the stuff you need?"

"Yeah, totes. I'm good at stealthing around our apartment. My parents are jerks about me walking around at night."

"Living with parents sounds horrible. I'm glad I moved out long ago and don't even remember what it was like other than frustrating and just overall a pain in the ass."

"Heh, you got that part right."

"Are you okay? Like, right now? Do you feel bad?"

"I mean, I guess I'm fine. Not like I ever was too happy with my dad. Both my parents are kinda jerks. Not too happy about the part that my dad thinks of me as a disappointment 'cause I'm not a dude. And the kicking out part."

"Of course. I don't know how to help other than offering you a place, but if you need something, I'll try my best."

"What's the time?"

"It's, uh, wait a moment. Half past one. What time do you go to sleep?"

"Not yet. Whenever I get tired. Few more hours, maybe."

"Yeah, me too."

"What do you do usually do at home?"

"Um. Use my laptop all day and night. I guess that's something I need, now that I think about it. I can go get it tomorrow."

"You can use my computer, I can go online with my phone."

"Sure!"

We both get up and exchange places. I lie on my bed and start fiddling with my phone while she starts writing something on my computer. I don't really know what to even do online right now. Everything gets so slow online at nights, no new updates, all the people are sleeping.

I'm kind of nervous, too. It's been months since I had someone over. Maybe I should try and go to sleep. Wait, where is Pisti going to sleep? I don't have an extra mattress or a sofa or anything. Is it weird if we sleep in the same bed?

I hope it's fine with her to sleep together. We're both girls, after all. Uh. How am I going to even suggest it without making it sound weird? She is really cute, though. I'm kind of jealous that she gets to be so pretty, and she hasn't even started hormones properly. Like, I'm pretty too, but it's been like 5 years of waiting to get here. She's hardly even started and already looks so nice.

Wow. Now it's going to be even more awkward to tell her we're going to sleep in the same bed. What if she rolls around a lot? What if she grabs onto me at night? Maybe I should just sleep on the floor. No, that's a horrible idea.

"Hey. Laina. You fell asleep."

Huh. I definitely didn't. Well. Considering I have Pisti waking me up, I probably did. "Uh. Hey."

"Have any good dreams?"

"No, I didn't. Sorry." I have no idea why I apologized, but it felt appropriate, because I'm embarrassed.

"So, uh. I'm getting kinda tired, but also hungry."

"Ah, we should probably eat something, then. How long did I sleep? What's the time?"

"It's like three now. No idea when you fell asleep, though."

I sit up at the side of my bed and feel the blood rush to my head. Or something like that. I have no idea what it is, but it always makes me dizzy. A blurry Pisti is sitting on the floor and staring at me.

It's kind of embarrassing to just fall asleep like this and be woken up by someone I hardly know. I bet she's feeling just as awkward as I am right now.

"I, uh. Let's see what food I have to offer you. I hope you aren't too picky, because I can't promise I have anything exciting."

"Nah, it's cool, I hardly eat anything fancy at home. As long as it's food, I'm happy."

I get up and start walking to the kitchen while Pisti quietly follows behind me. She wasn't joking about stealthing around her home; I can't even hear her footsteps. She'd be a good assassin. I

probably have some leftovers from yesterday I could warm up and eat with her.

"Are you vegan? Do you have, like, allergies or stuff like that?"

"Nah. Everything goes."

"Okay, good."

Pisti sits at the table as I go take a look in the fridge. There's some meat and pasta I made yesterday. It's really good, so I hope Pisti likes it too. After placing the food container on the table, I grab bowls and utensils for both of us.

"Just take as much as you want. I can cook more for us tomorrow."

"Ah, okay. Thanks."

I wait for her to take some food for herself. As I look at her, I notice that she's starting to look quite tired. I'm also feeling sleepy even though I already slept for a bit.

"Where am I going to sleep?" she asks as she turns on the microwave.

"Next to me, I guess. I don't really have any other place, are you okay with that?" I ask nervously.

"Yeah, I don't mind."

Thank God. It would have been really awkward to try and arrange it otherwise. I have no idea how else to set up our sleeping arrangement.

I think back to my previous wandering thoughts about sleeping next to her. I don't really remember what they were about anymore, other than me getting a cute girl in my bed and that I really feel like blushing right now. I look away from Pisti to hide my expression, and notice the damn fridge is still open.

"Uh, I should probably close the fridge. Heh."

She laughs a bit too.

After I'm done with eating, I go change into my nightwear.

Pisti comes to my bedroom just a few minutes later. I could offer her one of my night pants, Pisti sleeping in her underwear might be too much for my gay little heart.

"Do you want me to give you pajama pants to sleep in?" I ask her.

"Nah, It's okay."

I pick up a pair of Hello Kitty night pants from my drawer and ask, "Are you sure?"

"... Okay, I change my mind, those are adorable."

She gives a cute giggle and sits on my bed to change into them.

"Now we have matching outfits," I say with a smile. Mine's a slightly different color, but it's the same print. Both of us are also wearing a tank top, so we double match.

"I'm going to brush my teeth, you coming?"

"I don't have a toothbrush with me."

"Oh, right. I didn't realize. Sorry— do you want to borrow mine?" Wait, what the hell am I even suggesting. Oh God.

"Laina... I really appreciate it, but that is hella weird," Pisti tells me while trying to hold back laughter.

"Uh. S-sorry, I panicked. I-I'm going to brush my teeth now. Bye," I say while slowly backing towards the door, bumping into the door frame on my way. That was a perfect escape. Good job handling the situation so well. I'm proud of you, Laina.

After I'm done with brushing my teeth, I come back to the bedroom to see a smiling Pisti in my bed.

"Are you really still laughing at me?" I tell her while trying to keep up my poker face. What I said was embarrassing but obviously also kind of funny.

"Maybe," she tells me and hides her smile under the blanket.

"It's okay. It was funny," I say as I sit on the bed and pat Pisti's head.

"Make some space for me too."

"Right. I'm so used to taking up the whole bed 'cause I sleep alone."

"Me too. Let's hope we both have space to sleep here."

"I might kick you in my sleep."

"That's fine, I'll just kick you back."

"Deal."

"You okay with me turning the lights off?"

"Yeah, I'm getting really tired."

"Good night," I say before turning off the lights.

"Good night, Laina."

I roll around to find a comfortable position and close my eyes.

It's comforting to hear someone sleeping next to me. There's a little bit of warmth too, even though we aren't directly touching.

I open my eyes to look at Pisti. It's dark, but I'm able to see her look back at me.

"Thank you for letting me stay over. I hope I'm not being a nuisance," she says, looking away for a bit.

"Of course you aren't. I'm happy I'm able to offer you a place to stay and help out." I had completely forgotten how it feels to sleep alone every night.

"It's nice to have someone over like this... This apartment feels so lonely and empty when I'm alone." I pat Pisti's head again.

"I hope you're okay with me doing this."

"I don't mind. It feels nice." Good. She's so cute, I just can't resist.

She keeps looking at me but can hardly keep her eyes open.

"You look like you're going to fall asleep any second. Maybe we should try and sleep for real now."

"Yeah."

"Good night, Laina."

"Good night, Pisti."

I wake up and open my eyes. It's still quite dark. I hear sniffing beside me. I sit up and turn to look at Pisti. She is attempting to hide that she is crying.

"I'm sorry for waking you up," she tells me and continues weeping quietly.

"I— I woke up because— Umm. I don't mind that you woke me up."

"Are you sure?" Pisti asks, wiping her runny nose on the blanket.

"Yeah. Are you okay?" I know she isn't okay, she wouldn't be crying otherwise. I don't really know what to say in a situation like this.

"I woke up because of a shitty nightmare about what happened today. After that, I just couldn't stop feeling horrible. I just can't get over the fact that I got kicked out of my own home. The sadness just overwhelmed me, and since then I've just been trying not to cry," she tells me, as tears run down her face.

"I— I'm so sorry that you had a nightmare," I tell her and move towards her. "You can stay here, you don't have to worry about going back to your home. Your parents don't deserve to have you there."

"Do you mean that?" she asks as she sits up.

"Yeah, I do."

She moves closer and leans on me. I lift up my hands to hug her and she grabs my tank top with both of her hands and cries. A lot. I hug her tighter.

After I've been holding her for a while like this, her crying

calms down. I pull her to lie next to me as I lie down. She comes as close to me as she can and presses her head onto my chest still clutching onto me with an occasional sniffle.

"Can I just stay like this forever?"

"Yeah, you can," I say and give her forehead a kiss.

We just stay like this. I listen to her breathing, I try to match hers. I feel her hand slowly move from my chest to my neck, then to my hip. I have no idea what she is doing, but it feels nice. I feel her cold tears on my skin as she rubs her face to my neck. I have vague memories of her kissing my neck a few times before both of us fell asleep.

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chapter 2 / the beginning of the end /

"Hey. Laina. Wake up."

"...", I open my eyes to see Pisti trying to wake me up. It's morning.

"Wake up, I'm bored. Hey."

"Uh... Wait, let me sleep please."

"Can I go on your computer?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

"I tried already, I don't know your password."

"Right. Lesboleg."

"What the hell? Lesboleg? What kinda password is that?" she says and laughs with me.

"I don't know. I was looking at my leg when I was trying to come up with one."

"Lol. Anyway— thanks!"

She gets on my computer and I try to go back to sleep. After

lying down for a few minutes and listening to Pisti typing, I realize I don't even feel that tired anymore.

I think back to last night; She cried, then we hugged a lot and fell asleep together? There was some kissing too. Like uh. Neck kissing. My memories of anything that happens just before falling asleep get really hazy for me. She was so cute though. I remember that part really well. I wonder if she is going to try and bring last night up at some point. It could get awkward if we never talk about it.

She is so adorable. God, I just want to hold her again. It was so nice, I get butterflies just thinking about it. I feel a bit guilty now. She was in such shock about being kicked out of her home last night and I'm just thinking about how nice it was to hug her. At least I can try and comfort her if things get rough for her like that again. I hope things get sorted out for her, but until then I don't mind her being here. I should probably get up soon.

I finally get up and walk behind Pisti, who is still sitting in my computer chair.

"Good morning," I say and put my hands on her shoulder.

"Hey, good morning!" She turns her head back to look at me. She looks a lot more cheerful than yesterday.

"How's stuff? What're you up to?" I ask as I put on my cardigan.

"Eh, Tumblr, nothing exciting. I told people I got kicked out and that I'm staying at your place."

"... How are you coping with the kicking out thing so far?"

"Good, I think. I got free cuddles, so I'm feeling pretty great."

"I liked the cuddles too."

"We should do it again sometime. Next time with less crying," she tells me and laughs a bit.

"I didn't mind."

We stare at each other, me still standing behind her with my hands once again on her shoulders. I'm quite surprised how direct she is at telling me what's on her mind. I always felt like she seemed the type to be really shy IRL. It's slightly intimidating to realize that I'm going to be the shy one here, I wasn't really expecting that.

"Wanna cuddle?" she asks me.

"Y-yes!" I panic a bit, because she is so direct. Just a second ago I was thinking about how she keeps breaking my expectations, and here she does it again. In a way, I was expecting something like this, but still, god, she just straight up asked me. This girl has balls.

She gets up, walks to the bed and hops under the blanket. She signals for me to come by holding up the blanket. It does look very comfy.

I climb into her open arms and we both hide under the cover side by side. I feel her hand hold my hips as I put my head on her shoulder. I'm on top of her other hand, I hope I'm not crushing it. It's funny that I'm the bigger one, but she is holding me. I like it this way, though.

After a short while, I pull the blanket down a bit so we can breathe again. She is on her back, staring at the ceiling. I'm too close to her cheek to see her expression properly, but she seems content.

I feel surprisingly comfortable, considering it's only the second day I'm spending time with Pisti. Technically it's the first day, since she came so late yesterday. It's nice to be all relaxed like this. I hope she isn't bored. Even though we're hardly doing anything, I'm really enjoying my time. I close my eyes for a second, just to open them again, as I realize I'm still a bit tired.

"I still feel a bit tired now that I'm lying down like this."

"Me too. Wanna just nap all day?"

"That sounds like a good plan. Though, I might just get bored

trying if I don't feel tired enough."

She turns to take a look at me, "Hey, can I try your boob?"

"Uh, try my boob?" I give her a confused smile.

"Yeah, like grab it. I've never touched a boob before. Yours look so nice and soft."

"Really? I thought you'd had a girlfriend before."

I'm surprised she doesn't look even remotely embarrassed after asking something like that. Is she even aware of what she is requesting? I don't mind, but still.

"Well, technically I did, but I was so young then. We never even knew it was possible to get past kissing."

"That is so cute and innocent."

"Have you had a girlfriend before?"

"Yeah, a few."

"That's so cool."

"How come?"

"I don't know, I guess I'm just a bit jealous. Ignoring the one girlfriend I had as a kid, I've only dated dudes, but I don't really know if they're exactly my thing."

"From what I see you post on Tumblr, you seem like a tiny, cute and horny trans lesbian."

She blushes, big time.

"So... Can this horny gal touch your boobs now?"

"Go ahead," I tell her with a smile and push my chest up towards her a bit.

She pulls her hand away from under by head, then puts her hands against my chest. She gives my boobs a soft squeeze. After some quick tests she looks satisfied. It didn't feel good or anything, but she was really adorable. Back when I had no boobs, I would have wanted to do the same. It feels weirdly empowering to give someone a chance like this.

"I want boobs too..."

"You can get ones if you want."

"I do!" she tells me and beams with excitement.

"...Are you on hormones?"

"Kinda, I've been taking spironolactone for like two or three months, I don't remember. I had a friend give me some, 'cause she changed to another type."

"Ah, right, I remember seeing you post something about it, but I wasn't sure. So, you haven't been on estrogen before?"

"Nah, I want to though. I don't really know how to get some."

"I could just like, give you some, if you're serious about it."

"I am! Would you really do that for me? Won't you run out since you need them yourself?"

"Not really, I have my own prescription for these so I can get more when I run out. Before getting my prescription I just bought my hormones online. We could do the same for you."

"Do the ones you order online work? Is it safe?"

"Well, yeah. It's the same I get from the pharmacy. I grew these boobs with them so they definitely work."

"That's cool. I want to get on hormones properly. I really do."

"Hehe, okay. When we get up I'll take my morning dose, and you can too."

"Awesome!!"

After lying down together for a while we finally get up.

"It's time to start your first day on hormones!"

"I mean, I've been on blockers for a while."

"You know what I mean!"

"Yess! I'm excited! Finally!"

I walk to my desk and grab my dose, Pisti's one too. I take mine with a sip from my water bottle. I hand Pisti her pills and my bottle in my other hand.

She takes them just like I did. She really looks happy.

"Did they work? Am I a girl now?"

"Pisti... You already are a girl."

"Where are my boobs?"

"Girls don't need to have boobs to be girls."

"Awesome. I'm going to be extra girl after I have boobs too."

"Maximum girl." We giggle together.

I sit at my desk and turn around with my chair to look at her.

"What do you want to do today?"

She thinks for a second.

"I feel like spending some time online. It's a shame we only have one computer here. Would be so nice to just sit next to each other and just spend some time online."

"Yeah, I know right! You had a laptop at home, right?"

"Yeah. I think I should go home and get my stuff today. Maybe I could go have a quick visit at my place now?"

Uh. Wait. No. Shit. I shouldn't have said that. Fuck. I mean she would have suggested to go get it eventually, but still. Suddenly I'm overwhelmed by anxiety.

My attempts to hide how upset I am fail and I start crying. I'm so fucking broken about the idea of her leaving, even for a hour! It feels so horrible to be left alone especially when I just started to feel comfortable with the idea of having someone near me constantly.

She looks really confused, I literally just started crying out of nowhere so I can't really blame her.

"L-Laina— what happened?"

"I don't want you to go!"

"I'll be back so fast! I promise!" she moves closer and holds my hands.

"Are you going to come back? Like for real?"

"Why? I mean, yeah— Laina of course I'm coming back. Why

would you think otherwise?"

"Sorry, I— I just don't know how to deal with this. I just- uh. I'm so happy you're here, but I'm just so bad at this. I'm so sorry that I'm crying- you're allowed to leave, it just makes me a bit sad that's all. I don't want to fuck everything up and make you want to leave and never come back."

"Look, I'm coming back and nobody has fucked up anything. Even if I wanted to leave, as if I had any other place to go instead. Shit, I didn't mean it like that. I want to be here! It's okay for you to have these feelings. It's okay to be upset about it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I promise."

"Sorry for being such a cry baby."

"Don't worry about it, I don't mind."

"It's going to be so weird being alone again... I don't know what to do with this."

"What do you usually do when you're at home?"

"I just spend time online or get high— if you're like asking for what kind of hobbies I have, I try to draw. It's just hard to really do it as often as I'd like."

"That's so cool! I sometimes try myself, but I never really get far. I always try, but they never end up looking the way I imagined they would. Are you able to plan your art in your mind and then draw it like you imagined?"

"Well not really, I have aphantasia... I literally can not visualize stuff in my head."

"What? How does that even work? Sounds so fake."

"I'm serious, you should look it up if you don't believe me."

"Ehh— I trust you. I just have a hard time understanding how that's even possible."

I stand in the hallway with her and silently watch her put on

her outerwear. I'm trying my best to stay focused and not dissociate. I don't know why this is such an issue for me. She is coming back, right? I hope. I mean— I hope nothing happens and she can come back here.

"Well. I'm going to leave now."

"Don't get into any trouble."

"I think they're just gonna ignore me. Worst case, I'll just run away and just sneak back in next night."

"...You're coming back here, right?"

"Yeah, totally. Where else would I go?"

"Uh. You have other friends too?"

"I don't think I could stay anywhere for so long. Either way, I like being here. I'll come back here."

"Me too, I like it when you're here."

I kind of want to give her a hug but I don't know a way to suggest it, or just doing it in a way that isn't awkward. We just stare at each other for a while.

"Bye Laina, I'll be back!" She leaves trying to look cheerful.

"Bye," I answer, trying not to cry.

After just straight up standing in the hallway looking at the door dissociating for an unknown amount of time, I finally leave and go directly to my desk to take my benzos, then to lie in my bed. I grab a pillow to hug it. I take my pants off as they're feeling uncomfortable. I don't really feel like crying anymore, just empty and anxious. That doesn't stop my tears from slowly rolling down my face though. I roll around with my face in my pillow and think to myself about all the things we did together with Pisti. I want her to be back here already.

Why is she taking so long? Laina what the fuck, it hasn't even been half an hour yet. Probably not even ten fucking minutes. Calm down. Calm. Down.

Shit, I hope I'm not going to creep her out with all this. I can't deal with simple shit like this, why do I have to have these ridiculous abandonment issues??

I just like spending time with Pisti so much. It's so nice. Like, I've been with other people like this before. Really intense relationships that just somehow fade into nothingness with time. I feel like shit every time they end, but somehow I really don't care that much about it after it's all over? Like they clearly didn't like me enough why should I care about them. But. If that happened with Pisti, I'd be so heart broken. Like, I just don't want that to happen. I want her to be with me every day of my life. I just— god, I love her so much. I'm so scared of pushing her away because I'm such an anxious mess. I don't know what I would do if it happened with her too...

She is being so nice to me all the time, though. Fuck. What if she never comes back? What if she is just faking nice just to get away and to never come back? I don't want to be that weird person she just stops seeing cause I'm so fucking off. I don't want her to tell her friends about how I'm that one weird crazy chick she walked away from.

Shit. I hope she is being genuine. I hope she comes back. I hope she really means all those things she told me. I hope she likes me too. I hope she loves me too. I don't know what to do with all this. What if she just came here to get a one-night stand?? Wait. How did we not already fuck?? Was that cuddle thing like, her giving hints she wants to fuck? Shit, that would be so horrible. I want to have sex with her. I want to do all those things— I really do...

I wake up to a doorbell.

"Huh." Crap. I fell asleep. The doorbell rings again.

I jump up and run to the door, on my way there I stagger and somehow manage to keep my balance all the way. I open up the door.

"Hey. Nice pants."

I look down and, yep, I'm not wearing any. Good thing I at least have my panties.

"T-thanks."

"It's snowing outside."

I sigh deeply. "Fuck. I hate winter... I'm glad snow is coming so late now. I remember having snow on my birthdays every year when I was a kid. Global warming."

"How is it even global warming when we're still getting snow! Still cold as shit. I'd be happy to skip winter every year. Global should warm up faster."

"I can't tell if you're joking or serious."

"It's a joke!! I'm not that dumb."

I really can't tell if she is being serious.

"Hey Pisti, can you come cuddle? I'm in dire need of attention."

"You're so cute. Yes, of course I will come."

"It was so weird being alone."

"Aren't you used to being alone? You're usually always alone, right?"

"Yeah, but... It was different because you were here. And then left."

"Ah. Yeah. Sorry. I'm back now."

I hop in the bed and watch her take her scarf, then shoes and finally jacket off before walking up to me. I kind of wish she had continued with the stripping part.

"What did you bring with you?"

Pisti goes to her suitcase and then pulls out cat ears and instantly puts them on. Then a collar with a little bell. She looks really smug.

"Oh my god. Why do you have those?" I laugh with her.

"I don't know. Cute? Either way, now we both have ears!"

"Sweetie... We both already had ears, now you just have an extra pair."

"Nyah~" She holds her hands up like paws.

"STOP! Come back here you nerd."

She gets in the bed with me still wearing those silly cat ears, they are pretty cute though. I mean it kind of fits her?

"Do you have a tail too?"

"... Yeah, but it's a butt plug," she tells me while trying to keep up her poker face.

"Pisti... Dear god. Like I'm not even surprised. Lewd."

"You want me to put it on?"

"..." Yes, I do. It would be really cute and hot. I'm a bit too embarrassed to tell her that this time.

"Maybe at some point," I finally tell her.

"Aww."

She rubs her face against my cheek and then we change our position so my head is on her shoulder again. This is my favorite position to lie down together and I think she likes her part of it too.

"Too bad this bell is broken."

"Good! It would be so annoying to hear it tinkle every damn time you moved!"

I was so fucking messed up earlier, but suddenly she is back

and I feel like my whole life has been fucking fixed. Thanks Pisti, you cured my anxiety and depression! I am finally complete. I'm so happy she is back. She wouldn't be here if she hated me. I'm so happy I could die.

"Pisti... I enjoy spending time with you so much. I don't know how I can ever function without you anymore-" Wait, shit. I probably shouldn't be over sharing like this... Laina, at least try to keep it cool—

"You don't need to worry about that, 'cause I'm not leaving. I enjoy it just as much as you do."

"Why do you even like me so much? I'm such a mess?"

"It's cool. You're my mess."

"Please be serious! Why?"

"I don't know? I think it's cool that you're trans and you're older than me so, I thought if I'm with you I probably won't ever need to deal with all this stuff alone. It gives me comfort 'cause even though I try to be all chill and stuff, all this stuff is really scary. Even then, other than that, I just like spending time with you? I don't know. It just makes me so happy that I managed to find you and that we get on so well."

"Wow. Yeah. I'm- It's nice you think like that. I'll definitely support you if you support me."

"Hey. So, umm... What are we?" she asks me after us being silent for a while.

"Uh, I don't know? We cuddle, so— a cuddling relationship?" I joke.

"That does sound pretty nice. So far you've given me like the best cuddles I've ever had."

"Are you serious? Your cuddle standards are way too low."

"I haven't really had quality hugs like this before."

"I'm sorry. I can help you with that."

I lift my head from her shoulder and give her a big hug. This is so nice. I'm so happy and she looks just as happy too.

"I think it would be nice to do some other stuff than cuddling," she ends our silence.

Even before she managed to end that sentence I was already in panic mode. Is she talking about sex? Is she talking about kissing? Like, yes I would love to. Sex and kissing. I really do want to get intimate with her, but I'm too embarrassed to really do anything about it myself? I like it when the other one does the initiating, especially when I don't really know how comfortable Pisti is with these kind of things. She is the one suggesting something right now, isn't she?

"... Y-yes— Uh, I mean— What do you mean? I don't mind. I mean— Me too."

"Like... Hand holding..."

You what?

"Uh?" Wait, is she for real? I'll hold her damn hand this very second if she wants me to.

"Sorry, I'm just fucking with you." Wait? No hand holding?!

She leans towards me and kisses me. Her lips are soft. I hope mine aren't really rough or something, I always bite my lips. Especially when I'm anxious. Even though I've been enjoying my time with her these few days, I've been really anxious all that time.

I have no other way to react than kissing her back.

"Nice," she tells me and climbs on top of me. And kisses me once again. And again and again and again.

At this point I'm just completely overwhelmed, in a total state of that rare, true genuine happiness. It's hard to think about anything when there is this cute girl giving me kisses. I don't know if I want this to just go on forever or me to die this very instant as nothing will ever top this.

As the innocent kisses turn into careful lip biting and soon enough she starts using her tongue. As our kissing gets more and more intensive I'm consistently getting more and more turned on. She grabs my head from the back and carefully grabs my hair. Slowly increasing her grip and I can feel her starting to pull my hair. Yes! Please pull my hair! I love it when someone is rough with me!

She is moving my head around by pulling my hair and kissing all around my mouth and then down to my neck. I don't think she is even aiming at this point. I fucking love it. With her other hand she gently grabs my ear. It's extremely sensitive and with all these things happening at once I'm about to lose my fucking mind. I feel my body heat up and my heart beat just keeps on getting more intensive.

She slows down a bit and then sits up to asks me, "Are you okay?"

"Yes— Please go on! I am very okay! Please don't stop!"

"Good." She grinds a bit on my hips with a smug smile. Oh dear god, I think she noticed I am getting hard.

"GOD!" I turn around so I'm lying face down. I can't look into her eyes like this. I just can't.

"I didn't know you get this cute when you get embarrassed!" I can clearly hear how she is saying that with a big smile.

She places her hand on my neck and continues to kiss me on the other side of my neck. She starts grinding against my butt. I'm too ashamed to ask, but I want her to grab my neck roughly... I want— OH GOD. I think she is hard too. She wearing jeans so I can't be sure, but... I'm pretty fucking sure she is hard too. Thank god, she can't see me blushing with my face buried in this pillow. What's with all this teasing? My breathing is getting so strong it's already borderline moaning at this point. I want her to fuck me already...

My body is so hot. I'm slowly starting to feel more and more discomfort as my heartbeat is just getting too fast for my own good. It feels like it's going to fucking explode any second now. Everything is happening too much. I don't want to stop, but I think I need to, or at least make her slow down a bit.

"Pisti— I need— Uh," I lift my head from the pillow and attempt to tell her while completely out of breath.

"What is it Laina?" She immediately sits up and stops everything.

"I think my heart is going to explode."

"What? It's not going to explode?" she says confused.

"I know, but... it feels like it." I turn to look at her and she looks a bit worried.

"Sorry." She gets off me and sits next to me.

"Sorry. I didn't really want you to stop, but I just— feel really— everything was happening so much and I was kinda panicking. I liked it so, so much, but— break. I need a break."

"Ah, sorry. Yeah, I don't mind. I thought I did something you didn't like."

"No! I absolutely loved every single thing you did. I've just never felt so... hot before."

"I thought you've done bunch of stuff like this before?" She lies down next to me so we can see each other better.

"Not exactly? I have been sexual with girls before, but this is like... really intense for me somehow? It suddenly feels like this is all new." At this point, I don't even mind her seeing me blushing. "I hope you aren't upset about me stopping stuff so abruptly."

"It doesn't bother me at all. If you hadn't said anything, I would've felt horrible, if you had told me about this after everything," she tells me. She does look a bit disappointed, but I can't really blame her.

I get close to give her a careful kiss straight into her naughty lips. Just one though. She turns on her back and we get into our usual position. Considering how things just ended like that, just when it was about to get serious, right now she looks really happy and content. I mean, I am too, but still. She is being so sweet to me... What did I ever do to deserve her?

We spent the next hour or so looking at stupid Instagram memes on my phone together. Most of these are absolutely horrible and these people literally have no sense of humor. Half of these are just people getting hurt or being mean? The value in these is that some of them are pretty good in their own messed up way, but some have genuinely good jokes mixed in between. Why are normies like this? The saving grace about Instagram are these videos where they show the ingredients one by one, in these weird recipe cooking videos. They always look so over the top, but delicious. I wish I had enough spoons to cook meals like these myself... Just thinking about eating all these is getting me all hungry. Though, it could just be that I haven't eaten anything all day.

"I think I wanna go have a smoke. Wanna come out with me?" asks Pisti.

"Ehh, it's cold outside, I hate putting on clothes."

"Hey, now is a good time. It's going to start being really cold soon, we can still just go out in a scarf and shoes since it's not that bad yet. When it gets really cold you don't have to anymore."

"Why are you trying to win me over so hard." Honestly, I never even declined, I just complained.

"I don't know. I guess I just want to be with you all the time."

"That's cute. Sure, I'll come this time."

"Awesome."

I put on my pants and then we grab our shoes and scarfs and go out on the balcony.

It's true that it's not that cold out here yet. Even though I hate winter with a burning passion, all the snow does look really nice. Especially when it's snowing. If it just didn't get so damn cold I'd be happy with winter.

Pisti lights her cigarette and leans on the balcony. Even though I really want to be as close to her as possible at any given time, I try to keep my distance as I really hate the smoke. She notices and attempts to blow it away from me, but the wind is doing a good job at blowing it right into my face anyway.

"What's so fun about smoking anyway?" I ask.

"I don't know. Feels nice, I guess. What's the point of anything?"

"Well yeah, like I never smoke cause I don't really get drugs. Like, I rarely do drink and do take pills sometimes, but that's it."

"What pills?"

"Like painkillers, opioids."

"You have painkillers?? We should do those."

"Absolutely not. You are not the kind of person I would ever offer drugs."

"C'mon, I promise I'll be good."

"You're literally already addicted and I haven't even given you any yet. No."

"This is like the first time I've felt like you're actually older than me."

"I've always been older than you! I'm 23, remember?!"

"Heh, yeah, you're right."

"I hope it doesn't bother you that I'm older."

"Nah, it's cool. You're pretty childish anyway, like me."

"What the hell? Pisti, how do you manage to be so straight always..."

"I'm not straight, I'm gay."

What am I going to do with her. I mean, she isn't wrong. With both me being childish and her being gay.

"I hope you don't smoke often."

"I think I don't? It's pretty irregular, sometimes it does get out of hand, though."

"I'll complain a lot when it does."

"Fine, mom."

That's funny and annoying at the same time. But other than that, I do feel happy that she can joke around with me like this.

"Didn't your mom ever tell you not to start smoking?"

"Well, yeah. Not so effective when she was the one smoking while saying it."

"Classic."

"What are your parents like?" Pisti asks.

"Uh. I don't know. Distant. I mean, I guess I'm the distant one? My mom tries to call me sometimes, but I always just panic and never answer. Like, I can respond to text messages occasionally, but phone calls are too much for me. She doesn't mean bad or anything, but she is really stupid. And was pretty much a useless parent when I was a kid. My dad is the same too."

"That sounds nice. Well, my mom is cool most of the time. Dad sucks."

"Yeah."

"Wanna go back in?" I notice she is done. She just straight up threw the damn cigarette down. I should probably get a jar or something out here for her instead.

"Yeah, sure," I realize I've gotten pretty cold in these few minutes we've been outside. Like cold enough to be shaking, I have no idea how she manages to stand the cold.

We sit on my bed. There isn't really other places to be. I mean, I only have one chair.

"How did you even start smoking?"

"My ex used to and then I just kinda started smoking when I was with him."

"I'm never going to start because of you, so don't expect."

"Nah, it's better that way."

I'm kinda curious to hear about her ex now. Is it rude to ask? I mean we are kind of at the point where we're like more than friends, so we should talk about them? No wait, was it so that we weren't supposed to ask about exes? I can't remember which was it was.

"How many people have you dated?" I ask.

"How come?"

"I'm just curious. Is it okay to ask?"

"Yeah, definitely. I've had like one-and-a-half boyfriends."

"... and half?"

"Yeeeah, it was kinda confusing, we kinda gave up halfway after some months 'cause turned out that he was gay and he didn't want to date me if I felt like I was a girl. He also was kind of a dick."

"You were presenting as a girl then? Since when?"

"Like since I was 17 or something."

"Ah, okay. How did the first one go?"

"Eh, we were both 17, he too was kind of a dick to me, like all the time, so I broke up with him."

"Were they both cis?"

"Yeah, how come?"

"Why would you even want to date cis people?"

"Uhh, I don't know. Does it even matter?"

"Aren't you uncomfortable with them? They don't get how you're trans and how anything even works."

"Well yeah... I guess."

"It's just so much better to be with other trans people. It's saf-

er and they know about shit. You never need to feel the need to explain your identity, they just understand cause they've also gone through all that crap."

"Yeah, I think you're right. I mean, I think it's just because I haven't really met any other trans people in my life so far... Like I'm supposed to just magically find them from somewhere?"

"Hey. I'm trans. And all you have to do to flirt with trans girls on Tumblr is to say you're a top."

"Neat. Good point. Hey Laina, I'm a top," she tries to look cool. I think she manages to do so, though.

"Oh my god, Pisti," I blush once again. I don't think it would be even possible to hide the fact how happy I am that she is flirting with me. Like it wasn't a joke, right? Even then, It's so cool that she is a top. I love it. Trans girl tops are so rare and being one definitely is a very effective flirting method towards me.

"Hey, what's the time? We could take our hormones now."

"I think my phone is in my jacket pocket. Do I need to get up."

"Mine is on my desk, I think. Ehh— whatever, let's just take em."

"I mean, we gotta get up anyway, but still."

I walk to my desk and grab my dose, Pisti's one too. I take mine with a sip from my water bottle. I hand Pisti her pills and my bottle in my other hand.

She takes them just like I did. She really looks happy.

"Did they work? Am I a girl now?"

"Pisti... you already are. Please don't ask that every time you take your hormones." We sit back on my bed.

"Bleh. I really hate taking pills. I used to be afraid of taking pills when I was a kid."

"Afraid?"

"Yeah, I always thought I was going to choke on them."

"You won't choke on them if you drink enough water. Unless you choke on the water, that I can't help you with."

"I'll try my best not to. It's annoying that I have to start taking these on top of my depression meds."

"Think about your future boobs."

"Big butt too."

"You're going to have to start eating a lot to gain weight for that."

"Fuck. I hate eating."

"Me too. That being said, we should probably eat something."

"I'm pretty sure dating trans people isn't always as easy as you said."

"I mean yeah. Some of them are total asshats. And some of us are like, really depressed and anxious. That can cause problems in relationships."

"Do you have experience about that?"

"Well... yeah, my ex. She was like, extremely depressed and anxious about literally everything and always."

"Like, worse than you?"

"A lot worse than me..."

"We both were depressed as fuck and we tried to help each other. It was fine in the start but— after some time it just got too overwhelming with one of us constantly being so fucking broken every single day. Like, it was mostly her, but also me because I didn't have enough spoons to deal with her being like that. Nothing ever got done, neither of us cleaned, neither of us cooked.

"It's just not possible to get on like that. When you're so deep in depression you're not going to be able to save someone else from even deeper... I'm glad I'm doing so much better now, even if everything does get a bit too much for me every now and then."

"I'm lucky I'm not that depressed myself. Like, life sucks a bit

too often, but at least I can do stuff, so it never gets too bad, you know? I can help you out with all the stuff you need help with. I don't mind."

"You don't mind me being all weird and crying randomly?"

"Nah. It's fine. You're amazing and I want to be with you."

I already feel like crying again, though this time it's just because I'm so happy right now. I want to hold her hand so bad— wait, I already am.

"I really appreciate it," I say and wipe the few tears off my eyes.

"Sorry I distracted us from— what we're we talking about before?"

"Food?"

"Yeah, let's go."

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chapter 4 / nymphs without shame /

After eating, we come back to my room. It's like 7 PM now. I'm confused where the day even went? We just talked. I had a quick nap. Talked more. How is that a day's worth of hours? Time flies when you're having fun? We're sitting on my bed again. It's just— a nice place to be. Ah, yeah, we also did make out. I hope we do that again soon.

"Hey Laina?"

"What is it?

"What do you do when you forget to take your hormones?"

"I don't know. I just take them again."

"Do you forget if you've already taken them earlier or not?"

"Yeah, I just take them again and hope I actually did not take them earlier, heh."

"It's weird finally being on hormones properly like this. I've been looking forward to it so much it feels unreal now that I am."

"Don't worry about it. It stops being exciting eventually."

"Am I too tall to be a girl?"

"Pisti are you fucking serious? How tall are you, like 175cm? Okay, I'm like 190cm. Look at me, I'm a hot woman. How could you not become one too?"

"Why do you get to be so confident about your looks?"

"I've been hating my body for years. It's about time I'm allowed to tell someone I'm pretty as heck."

"You really are."

"And you are too. Pisti, you should start worrying about passing when you've been on hormones for years... There is no reason to waste your time worrying about it at this point. You just need to be patient and wait for them to do their thing. You already look cute as heck, you're going to be even more cute in a year or two."

"Sorry, I'm just so scared of the future. Yeah... You're right I should just try and be patient, This all just feels so weird. I want everything to happen right now, like I really hate waiting. I wish I could be ready already? I want to look right already."

"You already do. You look perfect."

"Sounds fake, but I can't really argue with how you see me."

Throughout the conversation she really did look upset, for a second there, I was worried she would start crying. Like, I'd just hug her if that happened, but it still made me panic. I hope I wasn't too aggressive with my comments. I just— god it legitimately makes me angry to hear someone think like that. It's like a fucking time machine, looking at my younger self. I wish I could just slap her in the face and go, 'Hey nerd, stop being so dysphoric, it's useless. You're going to learn to like your body eventually, might as well do it now.'

I wish it was that simple though. It really isn't. Best I can do is just, try and tell her how amazing she is and hope she eventually learns to see herself like that. Because it is true. She already looks so amazing, so much better than what I looked like when I started.

"You look so nice. Your body looks so nice... I want to grow nice boobs too."

"Your body is already nice! Especially your cute boobs!"

"What the hell, I don't even have any?"

"Small boobs are boobs too, sweetie."

"You haven't even seen them yet."

"I'd like to."

"Hey, uh, so—," she stops in middle of the sentence for a short pause, "We gonna fuck or not?"

"Pisti?! W-what- I thought we were supposed to be a cuddling friendships..." I panic and try to joke. I really do want to get more intimate with her so bad... Yes!! Please let's!!! I feel my face get really hot.

"Fuck that."

Pisti pulls of her top. Holy shit.

"Yes! Let's!" Then she takes of her pants. And panties.

"I think I'm going to die. Dear god, you are too sexy for this world!"

She basically jumps into my lap. Oh wow, I got a whole lap worth of cute girl on my hands. I literally don't know what to do with this.

"You should take some clothes off too," she tells me while trying to look all cute and innocent. Does she even know how much power her words have?

I manage to pull my top off and she starts trying to unhook my bra. First with one hand, then with two. One more attempt with one hand again. She looks at me confused.

"Help," she whispers after giving up. Oh my god, that is so adorable. Now she isn't even trying to look cute and innocent, she just straight up is.

She immediately dives in to my boobs and starts giving them kisses while grabbing.

"So soft...", she says and pushes her head against them. She manages to knock me over so I'm lying on the bed and she is on top.

She starts playing with my nipples using her mouth. It feels nice. I gently grab her head and pull her up towards me and say, "Give me some kisses too."

She climbs up to me and starts in turns, kissing and nibbling my lips.

I get up to sit and go around her, so I can grab her from behind. I grab both of her boobs and start playing with them while kissing her cheeks and ears.

"I told you your boobs are nice."

After playing with her boobs for a while, I notice she has gotten hard and I reach to grab her dick with my other hand to start playing with it.

As I go on I'm listening to her cute tiny moans. The way she is moving her hips is so nice. When I'm a bit rougher on her nipples she makes really cute sounds too. I'm so happy I get to play with her.

She grabs on to my hand and moves it away from her dick. She turns around to me and says, "Hey Laina... Can I play with yours too?"

"Yeah!" I say excited.

"We need to take your pants off first...", she says and pulls them down a bit with one finger. She is looking surprisingly shy about everything and it's really adorable. I don't feel bad about being so

embarrassed myself constantly, as now we're embarrassed together!

I lift my hips up from the bed and help her with taking them off. As she pulls off my panties my dick flops up and she gets to see my semiboner. I try to hide my face behind my hands and she just grins at me. Like sure, I knew she was going to see me nude at some point, but it doesn't stop me from being so embarrassed about it.

She is on all fours on top of me and a sudden thought of her sitting on my dick, just instantly made me rock solid. My dick twitches and she just keeps looking at it.

"Can I suck your girldick?"

"Y-yes!"

"Awesome," she says and backs up so her face is above it. She grabs it with her hands and starts giving it careful kisses. I can feel her warm breath on it and it feels really teasing.

She suddenly pushes her mouth down my dick and I can feel her tongue lick it along the way. She manages to completely take my dick in her mouth, right up to the base. I have no idea how does she even succeed in getting it to fit in her damn mouth? I'm getting even harder than I already was, I didn't think I could have even gotten any more! After just a few times going up and down, I realize I'm already starting to feel like I'm getting close. Holy shit. She literally just started but I'm already about to cum? How is she so good at this?

My hips start moving with her rhythm and it's getting increasingly difficult to keep my moans silent.

"Pisti— I'm a-already going to—," she looks me in the eyes and just keeps on going. It's embarrassing for her to see my face like this, but I really want to see everything right now. Not long after I told her, I finally feel my cum in her mouth. My head is spinning and I feel my hips thrust forward as they shake.

I stare at her while she lifts her head and I see a bit of cum leak

out of her mouth, then she climbs up to kiss and empty her mouth in mine.

After some more kisses we finally just lie down next to each other and hold each others hands. I feel tingling in my fingers and I'm still really out of breath. I'd probably faint if I tried to stand up right now. Now my mouth tastes like cum. It's not bad, but it's never going to be something I'll get used to. I can't really blame her for not wanting to swallow the load.

I feel really satisfied and content. This is so great. So nice... Oh, are we like done now or what? I should probably ask her.

"Hey Pisti, did you want me to do something for you too?"

"Nah, it's cool. We can later, I just wanna lie next to you right now."

"Hehe, okay."

"Hey Laina, what part do you like being touched the most?"

"Uh. Neck?"

"What about tail?"

She suddenly grabs my tail. "EEP!" I let out as I'm startled. It's very sensitive.

"Well, yeah— but you have to be careful..."

"How come you like your neck being touched? Weird place."

"...I like to be strangled."

"Nice."

"Pisti?"

"Yeah?"

"Can you say my name again?"

"Laina."

I smile. Hearing her say my name just feels so unreal. It's so powerful. It feels like such a small thing, but it means the world to me.

"That's it? You just wanted me to say your name?" she smiles

back at me.

"Well, Pisti, yeah. It makes me feel so happy."

"Good, because I like saying your name, Laina."

"I like it when you say my name, Pisti."

"So— are we dating now or what?"

"Do you want to?"

"Do you? I do."

"YES!"

"Nice. Finally, I have a girlfriend."

"What should we do to celebrate?"

"We should fuck on the moon."

"Pisti, I appreciate the sentiment, but I don't think that's possible."

"Anything is possible when you're gay enough!" I give her a face of disapproval.

"I'm so happy I ended up meeting you."

"Me too! I feel like these past few days have been a dream or something. Too good to be true."

"Good thing my dad is an asshole. We should tell him it's his fault I have a girlfriend now. I bet he's going to be so mad."

"Oh my god, Pisti, you shouldn't rub it in like that. I'm embarrassed!"

"Eh, I'll tell them. I think it would be funny."

"Don't forget how I'm giving you even more hormones," I laugh.

"Good point. I should tell them that too."

"DON'T!"

"Wait, we're dating now?"

"Well, yeah. If you want to?"

"I do!"

"Okay, then we're dating now."

"You know, my mom actually told my dad to shut the fuck up and that it's fine for me to come home any time I want."

"Please don't go."

"Yeah, I'll stay here, though. I like the privacy of being on my own like this. And even then, you're here, so of course I'm staying."

"Hey Laina, we should buy you ears and collar from ebay too."

"I already have my own pair of cute ears... Maybe just a collar!"

"Nice! Let's get one with a bell."

"No."

"Why do you like bells so much?"

"I don't know. Cute?"

"C'mon, I bet you have a bell fetish."

"I wish!" she laughs.

She gets up. "Hey, Let's buy it now."

"Are you for real? Right now?"

"Why not?"

"Later..." I grab her hand and pull her back to bed.

"Why?"

"I want more of you first—," I move her hand on my chest.

"Oh yeah? Let's cuddle naked and see who gives in first."

"Deal."

THE END